1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1



Peloponnesos. Many villages[1] are snowbound for two, three, or even four months. The government has learned the necessity of helping these people stockpile their basic stores of food well in advance of the cold weather to avoid starvation or at least the malnutrition which would otherwise occur in these isolated villages.

Even around Athens, so very near the sea, the mountains take on an Alpine effect. On a January day in 1953, when early jonquils were blooming in the gardens around the villas, a thirty-minute drive took us to the top of Mount Parnes where people were skiing in two feet of snow, which lasted from three to four weeks.

In addition to the climatic role they play, the mountains become places of refuge when invaders overrun the country. Here the revolutionaries against the Turk began to flex their muscles prior to the beginning of the revolution in 1821. The dwellers of the cities and the monks in the monasteries may have kept Greek culture, in the sense of civilization, alive, but the villagers kept the spirit of independence alive. Over and over again those who really know Greece would say, "you have not seen our country until you leave the main highways and go up into the mountains to talk with the hardy peasants there." This tradition of the mountains is a conditioning influence in Greek thought and life along with the tradition of the sea.

What, one wonders, do the peasants think of the rough terrain about them? Do they personify any of the peaks or make their summits the dwelling place of gods, as did the Greeks of old? The old Greek pantheon, it seems, has been liquidated by the Christian God and the collection of saints revered by the Eastern Orthodox Church. "Thou hast conquered, Galilean," Swinburne's classic pagan wept. One does find on most peaks a monastery to St. Elijah, a whitewashed building reflecting the slanting sun in early morning or late afternoon. Students of these matters seem to agree that Elijah (Elias), who disappeared in a chariot of flame, may have superseded Helios and his fiery steeds.[14] The top of the mountain from ancient times has been the place to worship the sun.

Particular mountains, however, do have their own local traditions. One of the peaks of Panaitolikon in Central Greece is called the Mountain of the Old Woman, as the following legend explains.

> Once upon a time an old woman had finished pasturing her sheep below for the winter and had moved them up into the mountains for summer grazing. The month of March was almost ended, so the woman said: "March, you can go away; I don't need you any more for I have had a good winter below and will have a good summer here." But March in its anger borrowed one day from February, giving him thirty-one days. On that day there was a heavy storm. The old woman froze and turned into marble and there she now stands. That's why they call those heights the Mountain of the Old Woman.

1 [Throughout the Pindus area and the higher parts of the Peloponnesos - ANALYST]

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1



One night "unknown persons" changed the course of the spring and the water was diverted toward Papadates. 312

As Kerasovo villagers conferred in the village square, forty villagers from Papadates, armed with stones, assaulted the fringes of Kerasovo. 423 628

A general alert was sounded. Hoes were taken from the barns of Kerasovo, knives from the kitchens and hand grenades — relics of the Greek civil war — from various hiding places.

Meanwhile, armed reinforcements arrived from Papadates. Policemen fired into the air to intimidate the enraged villagers, but no one paid any attention.

A few hours later two infantry companies arrived from the nearest town and imposed martial law. Two teen-age girls died from injuries received during the battle. (*New York Times*, September 9, 1954)

The storks like to nest in a village around which there are watered meadows or even marshes. In the village of Almyros, between Lamia and Volos (in Thessaly), a family of storks had built a huge nest of mud and twigs around the cross on the top of the church. "You see," the peasants of Almyros say, "his nest on that spot shows that the stork is a blessed bird." Pharsala, on the main route between Athens and Thessalonike, stands out as a town especially favored by the storks whose coming is considered a good omen. In Epirus and Macedonia and Thrace the evening silence is often broken by the rattlelike noise which this bird makes with his red beak — his white plumage gleaming in the waning sunlight and his long legs silhouetted against the sky. The storks are to the plains what the eagle is to the mountain, one a bird of the lowlands which builds his nests in the chimneys of village homes with people all around, and the other a bird of the heights preferring solitude and willing to pit himself against nature's angriest moods. 136 [825] [787]

## Mountains versus Plains

Mountains and plains take on social meaning as people try to gain a living from them. In Greece people frequently speak of "mountain villages" and "plains villages" as though their residents differed from each other. As a matter of fact, both in physical appearance (location, house types, and land use) and in accessibility, the plains and mountain villages are distinct and will be described more fully in a later chapter. 184 361

K. D. Karavidas, of the Agricultural Bank of Greece, has for a long time been interested in this problem and points it up by telling an anecdote: 184 433

This happened in a mountain village in Central Greece near the Gulf of Corinth. Every year these people would come down to the plains, work fifteen days, and get beans and wheat to carry them through the year. During the German occupation, however, the prices of food went so high that the plains peasants decided to do their own harvesting. They took the produce, which 511 722 [464]

1:Sandere Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1



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would have normally been paid to the mountain people, to Patras and sold it for its weight in gold. As a result, the highland villagers faced serious difficulties.

About this time a band of five young guerrillas came by the village and demanded hospitality. The villagers took them in and killed a lamb so that they could dine in plenty. After a few months, the same band put in another appearance, but this time the people could only provide a cock for the dinner. On the third visit, much later on, a wheat dish had to be the main course. Finally, on a fourth visit, when the members of the band were served only onions and garlic, they turned to the villagers and said: "You are hungry. Do you see those villages on the plain below? Why don't you go down there and take the food away from them, take their land, and let them come up here and live?"

An old villager answered: "Yes, we may be able to go down there and beat

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1



them now and begin to live in their homes. But within a few years they would be strong enough to come down and take all their former fields away from us. Where would we be then? No, we'll get along as best we can."

This story, as did those gathered from many later visits to numerous villages, illustrates the economic distinctions between the mountain and the plains villages. Life in the uplands is more self-subsistent, if for no other reason than the difficulty of getting crops such as figs and apricots to market. Cash crops figure much less prominently. But in spite of the economic disadvantages of the mountain villages, many of their people understand their common cause with the people of the plains.

A group of social-work students at Pierce College near Athens was asked to distinguish between the plains and mountain villages. Since these students came from villages in every region of Greece, the list of characteristics they prepared is of some value in indicating what village people think the distinctions are:

| *Mountain villagers* | *Plains villagers* |
|---|---|
| Change slowly | Accept change, adapt better |
| Physically tough | Refined in manners |
| More hospitable | More sophisticated |
| Stubborn | Cunning |
| Happier, more optimistic | Sad (Thessaly) |
| Have deeper thoughts | |
| More intermarriage of kin | |

An additional observation made by a successful Athens businessman, who was born in a mountain village, highlighted some of the advantages that the plains village has over the place from which he came: "For instance, water has been brought close to the houses in the plains so the people don't have to carry it so far; electricity has come in; new means of communication enable them to travel around; those teaching new methods of agriculture can visit to tell them what to plant and when to plant it."

Despite their isolation, the mountain people are considered by many Greeks to be brighter and more active than those of the plains. Indeed, many mountain villages are thought to have been settled by the more liberal, strongly independent inhabitants of the plain who could not support the indignities of Ottoman rule. According to one commandant of police, they are also less law-abiding. Although many of their young people habitually and successfully migrated elsewhere, most of the mountain people were contented with their simple life until the Communist guerrilla war of the 1940s made them vacate their homes for a temporary stay in market towns or cities on the plains. In spite of this exposure to easier ways, the mountain villagers still are believed to have greater fortitude and a willingness to put up with stark conditions, not simply from resigna-

5:Hammond M-5 (1948-1950)1956
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the servant of the servants of God which drew from a gentle old monk of the Great Meteoron the question: "The Pope is very *fanatikos*, is he not?" It is no light task to break down so vast a barrier of prejudice, especially when suspicion of the Frankish unbelievers (*apistoi*) has been confirmed by generations of bitterly resented proselytism.

Amongst the theologians, needless to say, more enlightened notions now prevail. One may indeed rejoice at the spread of a truly irenical outlook within the last few years, fostered, on the one hand, by the discovery of the recognisably 'evangelical' and patristic tendencies so richly manifest in recent French theology; and, on the other, by the conduct of the small Catholic minority during the fiery trial of the occupation, when many clergy and laity showed that (contrary to popular belief), it was possible to be an ardent patriot as well as a Catholic. To the great mass of Greek Christians outside Athens and the islands of the Aegean, nevertheless, the Church of Rome is still essentially a foreign body: a Frankish mission dimly associated with all manner of mediaeval atrocities: 'the Pope' is held responsible not only for the expulsion of the monks of Daphni by the Frankish Dukes of Athens and the excesses of the crusaders, but also for the errors of the *methodistai*, the Christian Scientists and other western 'innovators'.

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The persistence of Greek national sentiment throughout the centuries of Turkish rule has been justly described as one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern history. It is from this epoch that there springs that identification of Church and nation which, despite certain fairly obvious dangers, is still an incomparable source of strength to the Greek people. During the dark days of oppression every national aspiration was fostered and preserved by the Church. The Patriarch of Constantinople was not merely chief hierarch of the Greek Church but also the recognised head of the whole Greek community, and as such he stood between his people and their overlords. In thousands of rural communities the parish priest and the schoolmaster kept alive the traditions of Christian Hellas, and when the day of liberation dawned it was an Archbishop of Patras who raised the standard of revolt: the national martyr, the Patriarch Gregory V, who was hanged by the Turks from the gateway of the patriarchate.

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Religion and patriotism are still inextricably mingled in Greece. Hellas, when all is said as to the spread of secularism and indifference, remains a Christian nation in a sense of which we in the west can have but little conception. It was a Christian nation that performed miracles

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of valour, worthy of comparison with the greatest exploits of the heroes of antiquity, during that bitter winter when the Italian army was pushed steadily back towards the sea across the snowy heights of Albania. The war against the Communists partook of the nature of a conscious defence of a Christian civilisation against the "Accursed of God". Not least in the new movements, piety and patriotism are inseparably linked—even though I have never seen in a house of the Zoë Brotherhood paintings of the *Averoff* with her attendant ironclads steaming to the relief of the holy mountain, such as commonly adorn the guest-rooms of Greek monasteries.

This identity of Church and State has, it need hardly be said, certain weaknesses; the Church has not, for example, always enjoyed that measure of freedom in the election of her hierarchs that most people would consider desirable (there have been several deplorable examples of the intrusion of political considerations into episcopal appointments within the last generation). The decisions of the Holy Synod have to be ratified by the State, and a lay procurator sits with the bishops on the *hierarchia*. These, however, are but trifling disadvantages as compared with the opportunities afforded by the profound associations that bind the Church to every department of Greek life, and which give to the nation-wide revival of the last few years such boundless potentialities for good.

Though the Greek Church has held fast the traditions committed to her charge, the guardians of these traditions have been as men only dimly aware of the nature of the treasure entrusted to their keeping: conscious only of its infinite worth and of the duty of passing it on intact and undiminished to those who followed in their steps. Now, it seems, the guardians are beginning to realise something of the true character of the royal treasure that they have watched over so faithfully these many centuries. The younger Greek theologians, like their brethren of the diaspora, are rediscovering their proper tradition and are filled with wonder at its richness and splendour. The possibilities latent in this reawakening are infinite. As yet (so far as Greece is concerned), it has scarcely begun. There can, however, be little question that the growing self-awareness found to-day amongst Orthodox theologians, the first fruits of which have already been gathered in Paris, is of incalculable importance not for the Orthodox world alone, but for Christendom as a whole.

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are chosen. Before presenting himself to a bishop the candidate for ordination must decide finally and irrevocably to what state of life he is called, since marriage is not permitted after ordination. This rule, as will appear when we come to consider the training of the Greek clergy, gives rise to many grave practical problems.

Such then, very briefly, is the framework of the diocesan and parochial organisation. The married clergy, "in parishes, residing on their cures", form a distinct class with well-defined duties and limitations peculiar to their condition; while the general administration of the diocese, the ministries of preaching and confessing, together with the organisation of the catechetical schools and Christian Unions which have become so important an element in the pattern of Greek church life within the last few years, are the immediate responsibility of the metropolitan assisted by his headquarters staff of monks and lay theologians.

The Greek bishop is still in a very real sense the *persona* of his diocese: the natural leader of the whole community in matters temporal as well as spiritual. Not for nothing is he commonly referred to as ὁ Δεσπότης, 'the Despot'. During the Turkish occupation the power of the bishop within his own diocese was all but unbounded, and as he had formerly mediated between his people and the Turkish authorities so, more recently, it was he who commonly bore the heaviest burden of responsibility during the occupation of Greece by the Axis troops. Archbishop Damaskinos was called to play, on a wider stage and before a larger audience, it is true, a part which was being sustained no less faithfully, albeit more obscurely, by many of his brethren in the provincial towns of Greece during the years from 1941 to 1945. Though times have changed since the day when the people of Salonica overthrew the minarets of the fleeing oppressor with such patriotic and religious ardour that many casualties were caused by the falling masonry, the Greek bishop still maintains a style befitting his position. The metropolis (where it has survived the destruction of the war years) is generally amongst the most impressive and substantial structures of a provincial town, and though the bishop is readily accessible to all and sundry, he nevertheless bears himself with considerable dignity. When he walks abroad, carrying a silver-headed staff and accompanied by a deacon, the people draw aside to let him pass, bowing their heads and putting off their caps. The faithful who come to the metropolis—whether they be peasants from some nearby hamlet or senior army officers from the

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## THE WATERS OF MARAH

795 territory. Kato Nevrokopi, where the Greek Metropolitan has his
648 throne, is a large village, or *comopolis* (it had a pre-war population of
[162] about 2,000 souls), about twelve kilometres from the frontier.[1/4] The
722 whole of this region was evacuated by the civilian population in
166 March, 1941, when invasion seemed imminent, most of the refugees taking shelter in Drama, some forty-five kilometres to the southward. When the Germans abandoned eastern Macedonia to the Bulgars, all who were able to do so fled to Salonica, Verroia and other towns beyond the river Strymon. It was only after the withdrawal of the Bulgars in the autumn of 1944 that the Greek population began to trickle back.
727 In 1949 no less than twelve of the thirty villages of the diocese were
[736] in ruins and uninhabited, and the number of the orphans was said to
[346] approach 900. Kato Nevrokopi itself, though it still bore traces of the great battle which had raged about the forts of the Metaxas line and their heroic defenders, had come through the years of occupation and the more recent troubles almost unscathed, save for the deliberate destruction of the metropolis and the school.

796 It had been arranged that the Metropolitan should celebrate the
[793] liturgy next morning at the village of Dasoto, four or five miles away, which would be keeping its patronal festival. The day was ushered in by bugle-calls and a great beating of drums, revealing shortly after five o'clock that the newly-formed scout troop was already abroad. These
[233] martial noises were soon mingled with the soft ringing of a multitude
[512] of bells, as the cattle were driven out through the narrow paths between the cottages to the dusty river bed where they assemble each morning
[493] before moving off to the pastures. By a little before seven it had become evident that others besides ourselves were keeping the feast at Dasoto, as a few carts drawn by oxen or buffaloes, together with some solitary riders, rattled across the bridge and headed westwards. We followed
[487] in a jeep. Our path lay through fields of maize and tall sunflowers, above which occasional glimpses of a blue and white flag of vast dimensions indicated the scouts' line of march, along tracks which a heavy shower would render impassable to anything on wheels. Dasoto
[361] came into view after a quarter of an hour; a cluster of lime-washed
[342] cottages, the church prominent amongst them, on the lower slopes of the heavily wooded heights that surround the plateau.
[793] The parish priest and some thirty or forty men and boys had come as far as the outskirts of the village to welcome us. The Bishop's vestments,

1/4 [i.e. Bulgarian frontier - ANALYST]

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727 foreign occupation and armed sedition, that it is possible to grasp the
794 full significance of the spiritual ferment which marked these ten years, or to understand the magnitude of the task which the Church faces at the present time. For this reason I make no apology for dwelling at some length on the extent of the all-engulfing catastrophe which overwhelmed the Greek nation from the time of the Italian invasion of 1940 down to the decisive defeat of the Communists in the campaigns of 1949.

722 Much has already been written concerning the sufferings of the
727 people of Greece during these terrible years: about the horrors of the occupation, the burning and pillage of undefended villages, the famine which carried off more than 300,000 men, women and children, and the multitude of the homeless approaching in number the population of Athens and the Piraeus. Long before the end of the struggle with the Communists was in sight the destruction had become so manifest, so universal, that after a time one no longer marvelled. One came to accept the long lines of shattered rolling-stock stretching westwards from the walls of Salonica across the plain towards the muddy waters of the Vardar; the rusting carriages which lay strewn around the fair shores of Salamis. It was impossible to travel for any distance without encountering a dynamited bridge, a recently filled mine-crater, or the blackened ruins of an abandoned village. Every town of northern Greece was crowded with refugees, and even the suburbs of Salonica were liable to nocturnal bombardment.

722 Little attention, however, has as yet been given to the effect of ten
727 years of all but unbroken warfare upon the life of the Church: to the
795 breakdown of normal parochial organisation over large tracts of country for two or three years at a stretch, in consequence of the flight of the
[793] clergy together with their people from the villages; to the slaughter of the country parsons, and the destruction and looting of countless churches and monasteries which were to create such insuperable problems when the time came for the refugees to return to their homes; to the fate of those dioceses which were occupied by the Bulgars, who attempted to eradicate every trace of 'Hellenism' from those areas of eastern Macedonia and Thrace which fell to their lot; where the Greek bishops and their clergy were supplanted by Bulgars, the Greek service-books burned; where the very saints were de-Hellenised and had their names repainted in Slavonic characters. All who were able to do so fled from this region and took refuge in Salonica or in other towns to the west of the river Strymon, though some 40,000 were massacred. In the

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diocese of Drama no less than forty of the 112 parish churches were burned down, as well as the monastery of Eikosiphoinisses.

Elsewhere in Greece, and particularly in those areas traversed by important lines of communication, the number of the homeless mounted steadily as guerilla activity drew savage reprisals upon the villages. One had only to spend a few days in the mountains which lie to the westward of the Thessalian township of Kalambaka, for example, to see something of the effect of these reprisal raids. Church after church was gutted: mere empty shells with fragments of ancient paintings clinging to the tottering walls. In this diocese of Trikka and Staghi alone, twenty-four village churches were completely destroyed during the occupation and many others more or less seriously damaged. Nor did the towns escape the flood of destruction: Edessa, for example, which was set on fire by the Germans on September 12th, 1944, and where five churches perished in the ensuing conflagration, or Iannitsa which suffered a like fate two days later; Larissa, which had scarcely recovered from an earthquake when it was bombed by the Italians, and Kerkyra where more than sixty per cent. of the buildings were destroyed or damaged.

After the occupying troops had withdrawn from Greece in the autumn of 1944 and the Communist sedition had met with its first reverse, there ensued a period of comparative tranquillity. The refugees returned to their villages and some progress was made in repairing the damage wrought during the years of occupation. But a greater trial was still to come. From the autumn of 1946 onwards the full violence of the armed sedition which had slowly been gathering its energies since its temporary set-back of December, 1944, was let loose upon the country dioceses. It was utterly out of question for the Greek army, even with the assistance of the gendarmerie and the local militia, to garrison hundreds of isolated hamlets lying in mountainous districts where communications were of the most rudimentary kind. The defence of the northern frontiers presented problems enough and to spare. It was not long, therefore, before the country people were forced to flee from their lands and homes and to seek refuge in those centres which possessed a garrison. Large areas of northern and central Greece were soon abandoned to the roving Communist bands.

Some of the refugees found their way to Athens and Salonica, but the majority crowded with their surviving animals and such few possessions as they had been able to carry with them in their flight into

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722 362 the small country towns which serve as centres for the ecclesiastical administration. Here many of them remained for three years. Some, and those the most fortunate, were able to build themselves wooden houses or *kalyvai*; others were lodged in huts; multitudes, especially in Macedonia, lived (often twenty or twenty-five families together) in old Turkish houses; those who fared worst of all had to be content with hastily improvised shelters of mud and thatch, or even to pass the bitter months of winter in tents. By the end of 1948 the number of the refugees exceeded 700,000: for the second time within ten years a tenth part of the whole nation was homeless. The country towns were packed with refugees: not a ruined cottage or a stable but sheltered two or three families. Some words from Thomas Alcock's *Travels in Russia, Persia, Turkey and Greece in 1828-29* might well have been written 120 years later: "Nothing in Greece", says this traveller, "can more forcibly give an idea of the war that has been carried on, than finding on inquiry that not a third of the residents in any place are natives of it, but only sojourners there, till security is afforded them in their own birth-places."

727 793 [792] [798] The parish clergy fled with their people to the comparative security of the towns, but the priest was a marked man and many failed to make good their escape. No less than 239 priests and monks were done to death by the Communists alone, and seventy-seven by the Germans, while a further forty-seven died at the hands of Bulgars, Italians or Albanian moslems. Of the total number of 363 the majority (297 to be precise) were parish priests: no single category of the population sustained heavier casualties in the slaughter of these years than the village *papades*.

793 798 "I triumphed", says De Quincey, "but infer not, reader, a condition of joy or exultation." Not all of those who died were men of the quality of the heroic parish priest of the village of Megarchis, Papa George Skrekas, who was crucified by the Communists on Good Friday, 1947. Nor, needless to add, did every Christian who suffered for the faith during the first three centuries of our era embrace death with the ardour of an Ignatius or the serenity of a Polycarp. The Church of Greece has ever been rich in martyrs, and there are not a few names—unknown though they be to Christendom at large—which have been added during the last ten years to the roll of those who will be remembered in the mountain dioceses whenever the Church gathers for the eucharist:

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## A DAY OF WASTENESS AND DESOLATION

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"Thy Church, O Christ our God, in all the world is adorned with the blood of thy martyrs as with purple and fine linen."

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But for every village *papas* who died, a dozen fled to the shelter of the nearest fortified post. Some went further afield, to live with relatives in Athens or the Piraeus, and in 1949 many bishops had, in addition to their catalogue of refugee clergy, a further list of those who were 'missing'—whose fate and whereabouts were unknown. Often a very large proportion of the clergy of a diocese were homeless: seventy-five of the ninety-three parish priests of the diocese of Grevena, for example, had been forced to abandon their parishes by the winter of 1948-49; while in the neighbouring see of Trikka and Staghi there were at that time no less than ninety-nine refugee clergy. The Lord Nikephoros, Metropolitan of Kastoria, told me that his sixty-three homeless *papades* included eighteen men, recently ordained after completing their training at the Kozani seminary, who had had no parochial experience under normal conditions. The economic situation of the refugee clergy was peculiarly difficult, deprived as they were of their fees as well as their lands.

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It is doubtful whether anything—not even the carrying off of Greek children to territories beyond the iron curtain—did more to deprive the Communists of any vestige of sympathy in the country districts of Greece than their barbarous treatment of churches and clergy. The impassioned harangues of the Communist schoolmaster could avail but little, in the face of this desecration of holy things, to commend his cause to a people whose deepest loyalties had been outraged. What could be expected of men who burned down churches and defaced the eikons of the saints; who laid their infernal engines within the very sanctuary before the holy table; who crucified priests, and pillaged the monasteries where prayer had been offered for the whole state of Christ's Church from time immemorial? What could words avail the unhappy perpetrators of such terrible deeds? The 'Accursed of God' might burn and pillage and make fervent protestation of the surpassing excellence of their aims, they could not wipe out the impression created by their manifest hatred of the Church. As after the disclosure of the atrocities committed during the battle for Athens and the Piraeus in December, 1944, so in the face of these new horrors, there was a widespread reluctance to admit that Greeks could perpetrate such deeds. The men who did such things must be Slavs or Bulgars—no Greek could be capable of such crimes against God and against his own nation.

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# X

## A MACEDONIAN DIOCESE

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder.

A FEW paces from the gates of the University of Salonica, just south of the Via Ignatia where antique tramcars go clanging across the dusty waste that was once the Jewish cemetery, the daily papers, which play so important a part in Greek intellectual and social life, used to be publicly displayed every morning so that all men—poor scholars and unbeneficed clerks as well as prosperous merchants rich in this world's goods—might read of the heroic exploits of the armies which strove to drive the Accursed of God from the snowy heights of Pindos: a public-spirited gesture, worthy of a people who have ever set the pursuit of truth far beyond mere commercial advantage, and one of which I was often glad to avail myself on my way from the university library at midday.

One sunny forenoon in the spring of 1949 as I scanned the headlines of *Kathimerini* and *Akropolis* a photograph caught my eye. At first sight it seemed in no way remarkable: a group of country clergy gathered about their father in God—the latter an impressive figure wearing the *enkolpion*, or pectoral eikon, which is the mark of the higher clergy. Closer scrutiny, however, revealed that this was no ordinary clerical assembly, for every one of these reverend personages had a rifle slung across his shoulder. I turned in some astonishment to the accompanying paragraph and read that "in the war against the insurgents, the clergy of Grevena hastened to be enrolled under the banner of the movement for the deliverance of the Hellenic race. . . ." The photograph, it concluded, "shows the Metropolitan of Grevena with his armed priests".

I went to lunch with my curiosity whetted. Grevena, I knew, was a peculiarly isolated diocese and one that had suffered severely, first at the hands of the Germans and again in the present troubles. Further enquiries disclosed that the present Metropolitan, the Lord Theokletos, was a man renowned for his ardent patriotism and his immense stature.

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snows, westwards towards Metsovo and Epirus. To the southward a few paths—impassable save on foot during the winter months—gave access to Kalambaka and the plains of Thessaly.

After paying my respects to the colonel in command of the garrison I plunged afresh into the inland sea and struck out for the metropolis: a simple cottage where the Bishop rented a couple of rooms. The Lord Theokletos—a monumental figure in an ungirt robe of indigo—looked strangely out of place in such a setting. The Friday fast was waived out of regard to the presence of a traveller, and when we had eaten the Metropolitan told me something of the state of his diocese. It was a gloomy picture that he outlined.

Owing to the remoteness of the district and its poor communications almost every village had been abandoned by its inhabitants from 1947 till the summer of 1949. Grevena itself, a comopolis with a pre-war population in the region of 3,500, had, for more than two years, sheltered five times that number of refugees. During the past six months it had been possible for the people to return to certain villages situated in the northern part of the diocese, but there were reputed to be more than 2,000 families still living in the great refugee camp on the southern fringes of the town, and sixty-four of the diocese's ninety-six villages were still, after three years, uninhabited. Many of the fugitives had fled southwards to Kalambaka, Trikkala and Larissa; others had sought refuge in Kozani.

The refugees had included seventy-five parish priests, only sixteen of whom had as yet been able to return to their villages. Two priests had been done to death by the Germans; three others, as well as three monks, murdered by the Communists. As recently as October, 1949, the solitary occupant of the monastery of St. Athanasius, close to the village of Trikomon, had returned home after two years' exile, despite the advice of the Bishop and others who counselled him to wait two or three months longer, only to be brutally murdered within the space of a few days. It was when matters were at their worst that the Bishop formed his clerical militia and drilled his venerable warriors in the square where stands the monument to his predecessor in the see of Grevena, the Metropolitan Aimilianos, who had suffered death at the hands of the Turks in 1911 and is revered in this region as a martyr. This redoubtable force had never been called upon to take the field against the Accursed of God, but, said the Lord Theokletos, it had served as an example.

As to the destruction of churches, it seemed that some months must

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inevitably elapse before the Bishop could hope to be in a position to make a detailed statement. He instructed his secretary to provide me with a report embodying such information as had reached him. Grevena itself had suffered a heavy bombardment during the retreat of 1941 and the cathedral church of the Annunciation had been seriously damaged (the old cathedral of St. George had been destroyed by fire several years earlier). On the outskirts of the town lay a little church dedicated to St. Archelaos of Larissa. This had become the parish church of the refugees. Here, from 1947 onwards, the refugee clergy had assembled daily to sing mattins and evensong, and on Sundays and festivals to celebrate together the divine mysteries. This church, as I subsequently discovered, also served as a centre for the distribution of rations to the vast multitude of the homeless who dwelt in the nissen huts on the edge of the town. On my way back to the metropolis I ran into a large group of refugee clergy. They had got wind of my projected expedition and begged me to visit their villages and to bring back news of their condition after three years' abandonment.

I returned to the regimental headquarters at dusk, armed with my report, and spent an hour poring over maps with a young captain from Volos. We finally decided upon two itineraries, each of several days' duration. The first would enable me to see something of those parts of the diocese which were still uninhabited, and about which the Bishop had little information; the second, to visit several villages north and west of Grevena to which the refugees had lately returned. Arrangements having been made for a nine o'clock start the following morning, I returned to the metropolis for supper and discussed the Zoë movement and the architectural projects of the Metropolitan of Siatista with the Lord Theokletos until it was time for bed.

Saturday, February 4th, dawned fine and dry. The first stage of my journey was accomplished in a jeep driven by an *Epeirotes* who had concealed two British soldiers in his house at Iannina during the occupation. Less than five miles from Grevena the track which we were following gave up the ghost and further progress was impossible. At this point we were met by a sergeant and two soldiers, mounted on mules and leading a handsome bay mare caparisoned after the European manner. It took us an hour to climb to the village of Mavranaioi, which was strongly garrisoned (it had been partly inhabited since the previous October). After lunching with the officers of the garrison I resumed

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week-end. Conversation turned to the subject of the parish clergy; Papa Athanasi was a whole-hearted admirer of the new system; he was not one who could learn only from the Lord or rest content with a mere facility in turning the pages of the service-books:

"The divine liturgy, *Kyrie Petre*, can be gabbled through by a man who is all but illiterate: we are called to be shepherds, and a shepherd has need of great knowledge and wisdom."

Next morning Father Athanasius celebrated the holy mysteries in the village church. It was one of the Saturdays of all souls, and the priest's daughter was early astir, making preparations for the commemoration of departed relatives and friends. Before the service was ended I left for the neighbouring village of Sydendron, where the curate, Papa Constantinos, introduced himself as "the priest who bore the machine-gun in the sacred company of the despot". St. Nicolas, Sydendron, had been a fine church, apparently dating from the sixteenth century. It had survived the years of occupation only to be set on fire by the Communists on the night of July 25th, 1947. The ancient frescoes were slowly crumbling away, but sufficient remained to show something of the former splendour of the church.

I lunched at the presbytery and rode on to Amygdalies in the early afternoon. Most of the village's 200 children seemed to be dancing barefoot in the sun outside their newly opened school: a nissen hut erected on the site of the building destroyed by the Germans in July, 1943. A huge new church was in process of construction, but work was at a standstill through lack of funds, and the liturgy had to be celebrated in a brick chapel hastily constructed in 1946 within the walls of the unfinished church. Being anxious to reach Aghios Georgios before nightfall I resisted the efforts of the parish priest to persuade me to stay the night at Amygdalies, and as twilight deepened into darkness came clattering down the steep slopes to the stream where a few children still lingered, on a mule which I would have pitted even against Urquhart's Aristotle, and dismounted outside the house of the president.

Aghios Georgios was one of the only two villages in the diocese of Grevena where the population had remained throughout the troubled years which followed the end of the occupation, and had, moreover, afforded shelter to many refugees from other communities. The church—a massive structure dating from the middle of the nineteenth century—stood on rising ground in the centre of the village. The

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windows had been blocked with masonry and stones, and the church, thus barricaded and surrounded by an elaborate system of trenches, pill-boxes and barbed wire defences, transformed into a citadel. Here the greater part of the population had taken refuge while the militia, with a stiffening of gendarmerie, had fought off an assault on the village which raged for a night and a day on May 8th-9th, 1948. The fabric had suffered extensive damage from mortar and machine-gun fire, but the Communists had eventually been driven off. Earlier, the village had suffered grievously at the hands of the Germans. Though the church had been spared, the school and a large proportion of the houses had been destroyed. The school was now flourishing in a large nissen hut: formerly it had been housed in the nave of the church.

On Sunday morning there was great scrubbing and polishing of muddy boots, and at half-past eight I ventured forth, looking as spruce as three weeks of sleeping in my clothes would permit, in company with the *proedros*. The latter was anxious not to be too early at church, and, since the second bell had not yet sounded, we went first to inspect the new school. After smoking a cigarette with the *didaskalos* we proceeded to the church at the third bell, followed by all the children of the village. When the liturgy was ended the president climbed with great dignity to the top of one of the pill-boxes and made an impassioned oration welcoming the representative of Greece's great and traditional ally to their gallant and Christ-loving village, and dwelling at some length on the ties which, despite the infernal machinations of the Accursed of God, would surely bind together for all ages the Hellenic and British nations. The said representative thereupon made a brief, but it is to be hoped fitting, reply to this masterpiece of presidential rhetoric, and the whole company drifted away in high good humour to sip cognac and discuss the latest news which had arrived from Kozani.

After a visit to the family of a young theologian from Salonica I went to feast, first with the president and then—at the dictates of charity rather than of appetite—with the parish priest also. The influence of the Kozani seminary had made itself felt in this village, and the catechetical school was in full swing as I passed the new school-house on my way to the parsonage. There the wine that makes glad the heart of man flowed freely, and it was a drowsy traveller who rode across the hills to the neighbouring village of Kivotos later that afternoon. Communications having proved unreliable, I was constrained to accept the hospitality of one of the churchwardens. Shortly before noon the

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following day I rode into Vatolakkos with an escort of six militiamen and fell straight into the hands of the parish priest, who was sunning himself on a bench outside the gendarmerie station. This *papas* was a graduate of the Kozani seminary; his father had been a priest in Smyrna (like Kivotos, this was a refugee village). He spoke with pride of the catechetical school which had been flourishing in the village since the previous autumn.

Vatolakkos, like Aghios Georgios, had never been abandoned by its inhabitants. Owing to its important position—astride the main road from Grevena to Kozani—it had been strongly garrisoned throughout the troubles, and had offered sanctuary to the fugitives from no less than ten neighbouring communities, despite the fact that the greater number of the houses had been destroyed in the German advance of 1941—there were bomb craters all along the road from Kivotos southward. The parish priest had sheltered five refugee families in his house for more than two years. The church, which had never been completed, had, according to the Bishop's report, been pillaged by the Germans. It had moreover been damaged by mortar fire during an attack on the village by the Communists. A new school had just been opened to take the place of the one destroyed by the Germans.

From Vatolakkos I succeeded in telephoning to army headquarters at Grevena, and shortly after three o'clock I was picked up by my friend from Iannina. After attending the evensong of the refugee clergy, in company with the Bishop's deacon, and a long talk with the fugitive *ephemerioi* of Spelaion and Kosmati, I paid a final visit to the metropolis. The Bishop was unwell; he had been ill for some time past, and I took my leave early. Some months later, after a letter enclosing photographs of the ruined churches of the diocese had remained long unanswered, I saw from a notice in *Ekklesia* that the Lord Theokletos had passed to his rest.

Like Father Ioakeim, his deacon, he was a native of the Piraeus and had laboured there for thirty-three years as vicar of the parish of St. Constantine before being called to take charge of the see of Grevena in the third year of the occupation. The state of the diocese even in those days was serious enough, and had the new *despotes* been able to foresee the full extent of the catastrophe which was to overwhelm the widely scattered communities committed to his charge within the space of another five years, he might understandably have shrunk from the heavy burden of responsibility that he was called to bear.

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# THE WATERS OF MARAH

793 722 From 1947 onwards the Lord Theokletos found himself the bishop of a vast multitude of displaced persons; the whole outward framework of diocesan administration disrupted; his parish clergy driven from their cures and scattered to far corners of Greece, or crowded together in the nissen huts on the margins of Grevena; the town itself threatened by the Communists. Called to face a truly desperate situation, the Metropolitan set an example worthy of his predecessor, the martyred Aimilianos, and of the great traditions of the Greek Church. Somehow, despite all material difficulties, food, shelter and clothing were provided for the innumerable refugees who descended upon Grevena during the fourth year of his episcopate, the philanthropic institutions of the battered township continued to function, and the Saint and Despot of Grevena, at the head of his 'sacred company' of refugee clergy, showed that the spirit of the warrior-prelates of the old wars was not yet extinct.

793 794 This alone was sufficient to ensure that the episcopate of the Metropolitan Theokletos of Grevena would long be remembered, not merely in western Macedonia but throughout the Church of Greece. But this was not all. I have said that it was often in those districts where devastation and suffering had left their deepest mark that the Church manifested most plainly the Source of her life. The episcopate of Theokletos of Grevena may well serve to illustrate this truth.

The late Metropolitan had not been long in residence (he had been forced to spend some months in Kozani before coming to his diocese) before he summoned to his assistance a priest-monk then working in Florina, the Archimandrite Augustine: a powerful preacher, an ardent evangelist noted for his adherence to the letter of the dominical counsels in such matters as personal property, and an outspoken rebuker of vice —even when manifested in high places. This last characteristic having apparently rendered Father Augustine's relations with a certain dignitary of the Church somewhat delicate, he established himself at Grevena during the third year of the Lord Theokletos' episcopate and threw himself into the task of building up a Christian movement among the young men and girls of the diocese.

Father Augustine's method was to gather round him a little band of potential leaders: a score of young catechists of both sexes, the majority drawn from the senior classes of the high school, who would in time be able to carry on the work which he had begun. Before long it had proved possible to organise catechetical schools for children of all ages, and (as the refugee camp became more and more swollen

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had regrettable consequences for the development of the new movements, with which the theological schools have, in general, little vital connexion—although more than one professor of the theological faculty at Athens has played an important rôle in their work and organisation. In many quarters—and especially, perhaps, within Zoë circles—a sense of the apparent irrelevance of this theoretical science to practical piety has given rise to an impatience with all theological questions. We must, it is said, be *practical*—and this theology of the schools is not practical; it is a theoretical science wholly unrelated to the urgent problems which are the daily concern of the preacher and the confessor. Such an attitude cannot but strike one as curiously out of place in an Orthodox *milieu* and is not without its dangers.

A few of the clergy go abroad to continue their studies after graduating from the Greek theological schools. Many a young layman is sent to western Europe or America for post-graduate study in the hope that upon his return to Greece he will offer himself for ordination; but a first acquaintance with ecclesiastical conditions very different from those to which he has been accustomed (particularly in the matter of the status of the married clergy and their field of activity) can easily have an unsettling effect upon the potential *despotes*, and it is not unknown for a young graduate, not conscious of a very definite call to the celibate life, to waver in his first resolve of becoming a priest, after two or three years in England or America.

Apart from the minority who go abroad after leaving the university, the celibate clergy normally pass immediately to an episcopal household without further study. Until quite recently there was nothing in Greece comparable to the English theological college. Since the war, however, there has been opened in Athens an establishment which approximates in some measure to the English institution. This is the 'School for Preachers' which is housed in the hostel of the Apostoliki Diakonia: a fine modern building occupying two sides of the quadrangle at Moni Petraki and overlooking the garden of the British School of Archaeology. Though completed some years ago, it was long requisitioned as a military hospital, and it was not until the early part of 1950 that the whole building was made available to the Church.

The School for Preachers provides a two-year course of study (primarily of a pastoral character) for men who have already graduated from the theological school of the university. In 1950 a considerable

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sweeps away so inordinate a number of archimandrites to Athens and its suburbs, leaving the mountain dioceses wretchedly short of trained theologians. 793 369

It is interesting to note that the present Archbishop of Athens has recently been moved by the continuing shortage of clergy of all classes in the outlying districts of Greece to conscript from amongst the clergy of the Athens-Piraeus area a 'Sacred Company', consisting of fifty archimandrites, for a 'Spiritual Campaign' (*Pneumatike Ekstrateia*) of a month's duration and covering the dioceses of Didymoteichon, Maroneia (Comotini), Drama, Serres, Siderokastro, Kilkis, Verroia, Edessa, Florina, Kastoria, Grevena and Naupaktos: 393 parishes in these dioceses were without a priest in September, 1951. It may well be that similar campaigns, and perhaps some kind of clerical conscription of a more permanent character, will be forced upon the Church if many of her children are not to be left without adequate spiritual guidance.

It is perhaps needless to add that the reader would be greatly deceived if he should suppose for one moment that Athens and its suburbs afford a refuge for idle drones of archimandrites who have from time to time to be dragged forth from their retreats by a stern archbishop, and packed off to the barren mountain dioceses of Macedonia for a month's hard work. Nothing could be farther from the truth: were there three times the present number of educated clergy in the Athens-Piraeus area there would yet be urgent tasks left undone for want of priests capable of tackling them. The Athenian archimandrite is the busiest of men, constantly in demand, not merely to serve on committees, but for preaching and confessing and real spiritual work.

In the country dioceses, nevertheless, the present situation is still more serious; the shortage of educated clergy is even more acute. True, the position is slightly better now than it was in 1949, when many a diocesan *hierokeryx* was somehow contriving to combine his already arduous duties with those of an army chaplain, and others had had to abandon their dioceses for a time in order to minister to isolated mountain outposts, but it remains sufficiently disturbing. Many a provincial 'saint' is acutely conscious of vital work still neglected, which could be undertaken could he but command the services of a single priest-theologian. [722]

The Metropolitan of Kilkis, for example, charged with the care of 140 scattered communities, had only one priest qualified to assist him in the work of preaching and confessing the people; a priest already [794]

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159 793 to be tilled and seed to be sown and a score of sheep to be cared for, as well as an occasional expedition to Trikkala. Fourteen years slipped by: there were good harvests and bad; once a blight fell on the vineyards and once the bishop rode out from Trikkala and preached in the village church where, since the death of his father, Constantinos Photis had been the chief singer. The people of Palaiochori heard few sermons; they worked and prayed, sinned and repented; danced in the square on warm Sunday afternoons and argued about the doings of the great world beyond the mountains as they sipped their ouzo in the village tavern.

In 1937 the parish priest died. The elders of the village debated the question of a worthy successor—and who more suitable than the carpenter, Constantinos Photis? A man universally respected among his fellows for his uprightness and integrity; who knew the intricacies of the Venetian service-books with a familiarity such as could come only from long experience. Polycarp, Metropolitan of Trikka and Staghi, willingly acquiesced in the village's choice of a pastor, and Constantinos Photis, the carpenter, went off one day to Trikkala (after a short stay in a nearby monastery) and returned clad in black gown and *kalymmafchion* as 'Papa Costas'. Back in Palaiochori, life went on much as before. The village priest now wore a cassock of the same indigo homespun in which he had been clad from infancy. There was the same pattern of feast and fast, of eucharist and office; and though an occasional wedding or funeral now broke the regular rhythm of the carpenter's life and the former *psaltes* had a different liturgy to perform on Sundays and holy days, it was one with whose least detail he had long been familiar. The tools in the workshop were not permitted to rust, and the vegetables and the vines, the twenty sheep and the pigs, needed no less attention now that their owner wore a cassock and addressed his wife as *Papadia*.

159 793 648 722 Early in 1941 the Germans poured into Greece. For many months the mountain villages of Pindos, remote from the lines of communication, were scarcely affected by the occupation which, even at that period, brought such acute suffering and privation to the townsfolk and to the villages of the plains. As guerrilla activity became increasingly widespread, however, German and Italian troops were employed in a series of reprisal raids upon the undefended villages lying north and south of a road which connects the Thessalian plain with Epirus by way of the Metsovo pass.

One day early in November, 1943, several hundred soldiers descended

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upon Palaiochori. The people fled to the forest and watched helplessly while the invaders set fire to their homes and slaughtered their animals. When at length they withdrew the whole valley was shrouded in smoke: the incendiaries had done their work only too thoroughly. The church of St. Bessarion—the most prominent building in the village—had been amongst the first to be set on fire. When Papa Costas and a few companions ventured down from the mountainside to make a cautious reconnaissance they found nothing save the blackened walls and a great pile of charred timbers. The school, just below the parish church, was likewise completely gutted, and more than forty of the village's seventy-odd houses were irreparably damaged. The parsonage, a somewhat more substantial edifice than most of its neighbours—a monument to the professional skill of its builder—had resisted the first attempts of the incendiaries, and before the flames had thoroughly obtained a hold Papa Costas and his sons had come scrambling down from amongst the trees, and the building—though badly damaged—was not utterly destroyed. Amongst the smoking ruins of another cottage was found the body of an old woman who had been unable to make good her escape. Every animal in the village had been slaughtered.

After this catastrophe the people of Palaiochori took refuge in Kalambaka—already crammed with refugees from a score of similarly stricken villages—and there, in the shadow of the great rocks, they remained until 1945. In January and February of that year they went back to the village that had become a wilderness. During the first few months after their return home there was tremendous activity at the sawmill and in Papa Costas' workshop. No sooner had a sufficient number of cottages been rendered habitable than the parish priest turned his attention to the church. With the assistance of his elder son and a score of willing if unskilled helpers, the requisite timber was cut and shaped; and soon—though the church was without vestments and Papa Costas had with difficulty been able to procure copies of a few of the most indispensable liturgical books—there was at least a roof to the building and it was no longer necessary for the people to stand for long hours without protection against wind and snow whilst the holy mysteries were celebrated. Then the school was re-roofed, and as summer gave place to autumn the regular pattern of village life began to reassert itself—though Papa Costas no longer had twenty sheep and there were no more than three pack-animals available for the whole community.

But security was short-lived. The following year brought wandering

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torrent bed, and we followed while Papa Costas and Spyridon Oikonomides, the *epitropos*, stood beneath the great tree in the village square and waved farewell:

"*Kalo taxxidi; o Theos mazi sas!*"

A good journey; may God go with you.

At dusk we rode into Chrysomelia—a large village lying at 900 metres—after a journey which will long linger in my memory. For the best part of an hour Antony the Zealot (our guide) had questioned me relentlessly as to the constitutions and canons ecclesiastical concerning marriage with a deceased wife's sister within the jurisdiction of the *metropolites* of Canterbury, whilst the mules floundered in deep snow as we climbed laboriously towards the village, the buildings of an abandoned monastery far below among the pines. We had been delayed at the cottage of Papa Nicolas, the *geros*, till it was close on three o'clock. There had been a misunderstanding as to the rendezvous, arising, apparently, from the fact that the curate of the neighbouring hamlet of Aidona was also a Papa Costas.

It was the eve of the feast of St. Antony, and the Zealot was preparing to celebrate his name-day. In a tiny chapel on the outskirts of the shattered village vespers was drawing to a close. The village church, dating from 1580 and dedicated to St. George, was a total ruin. We stayed for the liturgy next morning and all the men and boys of the village accompanied us to church. After a distribution of the blessed bread Papa Athanasius Tsergoulas, the pastor of this mountain flock, took us to see his dwelling—a tiny cell of mud bricks set amidst the ruins of the house which he had built some thirty years earlier—and there we sat around a table in the pale sunlight outside the newly-opened tavern and sipped ouzo with the village elders, while crowds of wild, ragged children played amongst the ruins of the church—there were nearly 300 of them and it was eight years since the school had ceased to perform its liturgy.

Chrysomelia had been one of the most important villages of this region, with a population of 1,050. It had suffered at the hands of the Germans at the same time as Palaiochori. The people had begun to return in October. Scarcely a house in the whole village had escaped destruction.

The devastation was no less widespread at the hamlet of Kato Perlangion, where we slept the following night, wrapped in rugs on the

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## GLOSSARY

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*kakodoxia* heterodoxy

*kalogeros* monk; literally 'good old man'.

*'kalos orisate'* welcome!

*'kalo taxeridi'* *bon voyage!*

*kalymmafchion* clerical hat

*kalyva* cottage or hut.

*kapetanios* one who leads (the English 'captain' fails to convey the full meaning of the word).

*kathisma* in general, a seat or chair. In particular: (*a*) a cell attached to a monastery; (*b*) a division of the psalter—a group of psalms for which one sits down.

*katsapliades* see *andartes*.

*koritsi* a young girl.

*ktopodi* (κτωπόδι) *oktapodi* octopus.

*kyrios* lord; colloquially Sir, Mr. (f. *kyria*).

*latreia* worship, service.

*lavra* a monastery organised somewhat less rigidly than a *coenobium*.

*mesochori* open space in centre of village.

*mesonyktikon* the midnight office, mattins.

*metanoia, metagnia* a prostration.

*metousiosis* approximate equivalent of transubstantiation.

*oikoumene* the inhabited world, the Byzantine empire.

*orthros* the office of the dawn, lauds.

*ouzo* a white spirit.

*paidikos stathmos* a sort of day nursery.

*paidoupolis* institution for children evacuated from dangerous areas during the Communist sedition.

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*palto* overcoat.

*Panaghia* 'The All-holy': the Virgin Mary.

*Pantocrator* 'He who governs all things': the Almighty.

*papadia* priest's wife.

*papas* married priest (pl. *papades*).

*paradosis* teaching, tradition.

*parekklesion* chapel.

*phakais* (φακαΐς) lentils.

*phrontisterion* training school for clergy, seminary.

*pneumatikos* spiritual father, confessor.

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## *Hill Villages*

### KOTTA

Kotta is situated in the far northwestern corner of Greece, about five miles from the Albanian border, and not more than fifteen miles from the point where Yugoslavia, Albania and Greece adjoin. Flowing past the village is a small stream which in due course descends to join the Aliakmon River. The valley slopes are steep, and the villagers possess only 500 stremmata (125 acres) of arable soil. Much of this is thin patches on the hillsides; of good bottom land the community has less than ten acres.

When I visited the village in 1947, the inhabitants were starving. Seemingly innumerable children peeped out from every house, many of them showing bloated bellies beneath motley rags that served as clothing but scarcely covered their nakedness. The village was then in the hands of the guerrillas, who had stationed a detachment of fifteen boys (the eldest was not more than eighteen) in the community. The ordinary speech was Slavic, and at least some of the villagers felt that it would be better for them if their village belonged to Yugoslav Macedonia. Macedonian national feeling may have played some part in this attitude, but probably the major determinant was the knowledge that conditions across the border were not quite so hard as those they faced in Greece.

The people of Kotta were, indeed, living under war conditions. The Greek army had blocked the main road between Florina and Kastoria, which runs not far from the village site, and no vehicles could pass without special permits; men could still get through on foot by taking off across open country, but there was little incentive to do so. Work could not be found down in the plains, and a man from Kotta, with the trace of a Slavic accent in his Greek, was courting arrest or a beating if he

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Kotta

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ventured into territory controlled by the Greek army or police. Resentment against the Greek authorities was widespread, although one man in the village, in speaking to me privately, made it clear that he at least did not like to contribute to the upkeep of the guerrilla garrison that controlled the village.

The population of the village was 630 persons, of whom over 200 were under fifteen years of age. Thus there was about one fifth of an acre of agricultural land per head, land that was miserably poor to begin with. Clearly the village could not live on its agriculture; and even when it had been safe to graze sheep on the barren mountain slopes, as it was not in 1947, the village still could not begin to maintain itself on local resources. The villagers calculated that they could produce food for about four months in the year; the deficit had to be made good outside.

In prewar years two means had been found to make ends meet. The men of the village were accomplished masons, and traveled far and wide over Greece seeking work as builders. In addition, they found work in various sorts of heavy construction – road building, irrigation works and the like. But in 1947 such jobs were not to be had, at least not by men with a Slavic accent.

The second, and perhaps more important, resource was remittances from abroad. The village had begun to send men overseas, mainly to Canada and Australia, even before the first world war. During the interwar years, the migration had continued despite growing barriers to free movement. In Toronto, Canada, and in Sydney, Australia, natives of Kotta had founded regular little colonies, and the members of these emigrant groups, all of whom were related to one another in some degree, helped to finance the continued emigration. Each family expected to send at least one son overseas, and that son was in turn expected to send back enough of his earnings to keep his parents fed and clothed, and to help out his brothers and sisters who stayed home.

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who stayed home. When the Greek army interrupted communication with the outside world this vital supply of cash was cut off. In 1947, therefore, the villagers were trying to spread out four months' food over the twelve months of the year.

Their diet was cornbread and little else. Nearly all of their sheep, whose milk had once helped to correct the deficiencies of a maize diet, had been slaughtered during the occupation; and the prevalence of skin diseases and a certain lassitude in their movements clearly indicated that malnutrition was added to undernourishment. They missed salt more acutely than anything else. There had been none in the village for several weeks when I was there.

Kotta remained in guerrilla hands until August 1949. It was luckier than some of its neighboring communities inasmuch as there was no fighting in the immediate environs, so that the houses of the village escaped without more than casual damage. But the villagers could not escape from famine, nor from disease that naturally followed in the wake of prolonged and drastic undernourishment. When I returned in 1956, the population of the village had shrunk to 188, less than one third of what it had been in 1947. The average number of persons per family had declined to 2.4, whereas in 1947 families with fewer than three children were a rarity and five or six children per family was closer to the average.

About one hundred of the former inhabitants of the village were simply missing. They had gone off, in desperation, looking for food or safety and had not come back. Most, presumably, had died or been killed. In addition, the village priest said that about fifty of the village men were known to have been killed while serving with the guerrillas; and five families had moved west across the Albanian frontier in 1949 when the guerrilla retreat took place. But the largest single factor in the decline of population was the removal of the village children by the guer-

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
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Cherasia

[Hill Villages]



669 The guerrillas,
722 too, burned some houses, including those belonging to the three
[727] "rich" families of the community. These had fled to Volos, together with some other families from the village. The people who remained were inclined to support the guerrillas.

About two weeks after my visit in 1947, the army evacuated all the remaining inhabitants of Cherasia to Volos. There they remained in refugee quarters for two and a half years. The last guerrilla band disappeared from Mount Pelion only in 1950, some six months after the main guerrilla army in the north had retreated across the Albanian frontier. It was therefore late in 1950 before the inhabitants of Cherasia were allowed – or compelled – to return to their village.

727 Government authorities were, however, well aware of the
653 difficulties that confronted the community. The returned refu-
[657] gees were given every help to re-establish themselves. They re-
[233] ceived, gratis, 238 sheep to serve as a nucleus for their flock, as well as materials for the reconstruction of their houses, most of which had suffered damage. Officials issued seed and implements as well. A comprehensive work relief program was set up; for about two years after their return, the men of Cherasia received wages for working on projects that directly benefited their community. In this fashion the new road over the mountain was built – shortening the way to Volos by nearly half.
[346] Similarly, new and very handsome school and church buildings
[312] were constructed; and pipes from the spring in the upper village brought fresh water into lower Cherasia for the first time. This was vital if the population was to remain in the lower village the year around, since water had previously been unavailable there in summer. Another side of the government policy was to give no help toward reconstruction of the village of upper Cherasia – perched, as it was, high on the mountain beyond the reach of roads. No doubt the authorities in this fashion hoped to tie the villagers to the accessible lower village, and

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1
Cherasia
[Hill Villages]



badly needs reforestation, and that in the long run everyone, including the people of Cherasia, will benefit from re-establishment of real forests on Mount Pelion, carry any weight among the woodcutters who feel that their rights have been ruthlessly disregarded, and their traditional way of life endangered. They do not care to be farmers, and for all their ragged poverty, despise such slavish souls as are content to labor long and hard on the land.

A deep and painful irony lies in the fact that without the bureaucratic paternalism of the government most of the people of Cherasia would, in all probability, have died during the guerrilla war. What happened in Kotta, where the arm of the government did not reach, might well have happened also in Cherasia, if the inhabitants of the village had not been evacuated to Volos in 1947 and fed there – however miserably – for two and a half years by government relief. And if the population of the village had shrunk to one third of what it actually was in 1956, then it does not seem improbable that much of the present bitterness would have dissolved, because then something like the free traditional way of life would have been possible again. Governmental intervention between 1947 and 1950 prevented the operation of the brutal old-fashioned remedy for overpopulation; but governmental intervention since 1950 has not yet sufficed (and seems unlikely to suffice in the future) to provide a tolerable life for the population that has so successfully been preserved from famine, disease and violent death.

The official records of Cherasia were in considerable confusion in 1956, and I was not able to secure satisfactory figures on the present and past population of the village. The main reason for this state of affairs is that many families are registered as inhabitants of Cherasia, but do not reside there. When the villagers were sent back to their homes, everyone was supposed to go, and officially everyone did. Actually, about twenty-five

6: McNeill H-5 (1947, 1956) 1957
EH1 Greece EH1
Kardamili

[Hill Villages]



animals; and before roads were built, these villages brought their surplus on donkey-back (or on the hoof) to Kardamili, where it was put on board a small ship, and carried either to Athens or to Kalamata, the local metropolis, some thirty-five miles away on the rich Messenian plain. In addition, an oil-pressing plant was constructed in 1929 in Kardamili which employed as many as a hundred persons at the height of the season. Even when there were no olives to press, the plant kept open the year around by making soap and other products.

This was the basis upon which about 750 people were able to make a living in the village before the war. In recent years, however, the village has not prospered. The oil factory closed down permanently in 1940, depriving the village of what had been one of its most important resources. After the war, a new road, built in 1949–50, destroyed the importance of the port. Instead of bringing their olives to Kardamili on donkey-back and selling them there, the peasants of the hinterland loaded their produce directly onto trucks bound for Kalamata or Athens.

The new system was an obvious improvement on older methods of transport and marketing; but it meant that Kardamili, which for a few years between the wars had struggled toward becoming a miniature town, was compelled to sink back to a purely village status. One manifestation of this change is a decrease in population. In 1940, the village had about 750 inhabitants; in 1956 the population totaled only 512. War losses were insignificant, although guerrillas did kill two persons from the village. The whole community was forcibly evacuated to Kalamata in 1949 to prevent its exploitation by guerrilla bands that ranged even this far south. The evacuation was perhaps scarcely justified, however, since the guerrillas never again came near, and when the villagers returned in 1950 they found their houses intact.

/8 cont./

Since the refugees settled the village changed its external and internal appearance. The pond in the center of the village was filled up with 1400 cubic meters of dirt. It was fenced and a war memorial monument was erected in the center of it. Many shrubs were planted /9/ and the acacia trees surround the whole park. Once a bathing spot for the lazy buffalo, it has become now a rendezvous place for the youth of the village. The refugees were not satisfied with the well water and through personal work brought running water to the village from the nearby hills. A large fountain was built in the square of the village and two more smaller ones in the neighborhoods. As soon as the water came to the village, at the inauguration ceremony, the village changed its name from Armoutchi (Pear bearing) to Megali Vrisi (Big Fountain).

Many of the Turkish houses were torn down and new houses with better roads and aesthetic appearance were put up. The whole village is covered with huge elm trees. The South Western part is occupied by the Thracians and the North by the Caucasians.

The Thracians are the only refugees who changed their homes for four times in less than 10 years and this last one may be the fifth. They are so discouraged in building big houses and leaving them every time to the enemy to destroy them that they all decided to erect one room houses with mud walls and ceiling made out of reeds. The cost of the material does not exceed more than $18 to $25. One of them once told me, "I left enough big houses to the enemy who destroyed them. This time I am going to destroy it before he comes in." When I laughed /10/ at his last remark, he shook his head and said. "You are too young yet to know the Balkans." No, I think he was right. Every Thracian family can carry everything they have on their backs. They simplified their lives, having only those things that are the most essential.

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Boundaries and Neighborhoods of the village. 621

Megali Vrisi itself falls into six neighborhoods. These neighborhoods are on the basis of kinship relationships. There are two in the Thracian section and four in the Caucasian section. The village has nearby villages such as Metallikon, South East 1 1/2 miles, Vaptistis, South West 1 3/4 miles, Castanies, 2 miles North West, and North East is Stayrohori, 1 1/2 miles. There is a hard-surfaced road which connects all these villages to Megali Vrisi. 628 361 491

A people of the Soil and their Mobility for the last 25 Years.

In spite of the fact that the people of Megali Vrisi are a people of the soil, yet some of them were the victims of the great destructive waves of war. The Caucasians were rather stable in their own country, and this forced movement, due to communism, was the first of its kind in their lives for many generations. The un-/11/fortunate Thracians, because of their position in the much fought Balkan states, had to move very regularly from their village. I was often told that this was the fourth village they were building in less than 14 years, due to the Greco-Turkish war, the Greco-Bulgarian war, the first world war and the war of 1920 between Turkey and Greece. After the end of each war the survivors would return back to their village from their place of exile. One could almost read in their faces the effect of the hardships they had been through. The effect is noticed by the type of life they developed which has already become a part of their whole philosophy of living in this world. Small temporary houses--not much furniture, no mattresses, a straw mat and two heavy hand woven blankets for cover--a kettle to cook in, one common bowl for the whole family to eat in, one suit of clothes and few implements. In case of forced movement the wife and the husband are able to carry everything they have on their backs. Usually mobility makes a person cosmopolitan-minded and good mannered, but it had the opposite effect on these people. This may be due to the conditions under which they had to move. 167 723 [648] 511 167

10: Lee E,I-4,5 (no date) 1953
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each fact wrapped in some subjective, protective covering. The fact is true and dependable, but it should not be naked. A memorandum of fact by a Greek is full of such phrases as: "Then the nobleness of the Greek soul was revealed," or "The Greek peasant modestly died . . . to protect his beloved country, but his death was one of the noblest sacrifices to the idea of liberty." Or, if Greeks have to criticize, they do it with oratory also, reviling passionately, as when a mother scolds a loved one with fury but not with cold and calculating anger.

The covering of the naked fact is essential to the integrity—the absence of all molestation—of the *philotimo*. The inner core of the Greek must never be exposed; and *entrope*, the Greek word for shame, modesty, decency, propriety, self-consciousness, embarrassment, means: "turning inward." This is a concept both positive and negative: you have done something shameful only because you have failed in the positive aspect, in modesty and decency. Out of *entrope*, a Greek avoids saying things and doing things which would reflect on the *philotimo* of himself, his family, his country. For example, the self-made man in Greece does not boast of his rags-to-riches progress. This would expose the poverty of his village, the inability of his family to help him, the fact that his uncle or his godfather could not or did not do his duty by him; it would expose much that should remain decently covered, and would further prove him to be lacking in *philotimo*.

The Greek *philotimo* should not be confused either with the notion of face or with that of pride. Pride for the Greeks carries with it the connotation of arrogance: "the proud bird is caught by the nose". A Greek mother is not proud of her son: she is honoured by him; the *philotimo* is enhanced through honour, not pride. There is something of the notion of face, in that it is insupportable to have one's failures and needs known. But there is more than this; what is really bad is that you yourself should expose your failure or yourself. And you have no *philotimo* if you avoid going to fight for your country, whether anyone knows this or not.

The essence of *philotimo* is inviolability and freedom. The first means that a Greek is very "touchy". In a very popular work of the thirties, which gives a humorous report of the cases in the Court of Petty Offences, a large proportion of the cases arise out of this molestation of the *philotimo*. The reaction is immediate, either in scathing invective, such as name-calling, or as physical attack. Offence against one's *philotimo* brings retaliation, not self-reproach. There are suicides in Athens for financial reasons, or for love, but none are reported as a result of a molested *philotimo*.

Freedom is the positive aspect of this. Greeks say: "To be a Greek means to be free," and "Nothing is beautiful unless you are free, not even the flowers in the spring."[1] It gave the Greeks a great sense of

[1] Joanne Lee Schriver, 1947.

freedom to defy Hitler, in the sure knowledge that their country would be overrun and occupied if they did so. During the occupation, they remained free; little children risked their lives to do absolutely unnecessary things such as defacing Nazi posters, giving expression to their essential freedom. The morale of the people was upheld by their knowledge that they had not forfeited their freedom, and that they had been defeated only technically, not man-to-man, but by monstrous machines. External coercion without internal submission has no bearing on the maintenance of the *philotimo*.

To suggest to a Greek that he needs aid in raising his standard of living because his ways are backward is to violate his *philotimo* as a person and as a Greek. There is need for aid now because of acts of God, not because of personal failure or Greek inadequacy. Until the government centralized aid in the Department of Welfare, and to some extent thereafter, Greek families and communities took care of their own indigents or dependents. The Greeks who emigrated to the United States before the change and formed conservative communities in their new country continued to take care of their own unemployed and orphaned; they were adapting the village pattern; besides, their *philotimo* would not allow them to expose to outsiders their failure and inadequacy. However, Greeks will accept aid when it is their right within a structured relationship; they will accept it as their share from the nation for which they have fought, or from the nation which they have helped in its war against the forces of evil; and Greeks stand firm in the knowledge that they were vital in bringing about the defeat of the Nazis by delaying Hitler's plans. They will also accept help without losing their *philotimo* when the need comes through an act of God. Their ways of making a living are adequate under normal circumstances; but now, because of destruction, occupation, soil erosion, loss of the right to emigrate, they need technical assistance to achieve a standard of living which is their right as Greeks and as persons. They can accept help also because the need is common to all the Greeks. During the war they said, not "See what I have come to," but "See what the nation has come to!" and then their situation was bearable. The office which is in charge of the ECA activities now reminds the people of the different villages that the destruction has been nationwide, that the need applies to all the Greeks, and so makes it bearable, and saves their *philotimo*. More than this, the government now appeals for self-participation in rebuilding the homes and the villages in the name of their *philotimo* as Greeks; to exert themselves as their sons exerted themselves in war, "to show the world what the Greeks can do in peace as well as in war".